



# The monster



👁 4 ✓ 0 ★ 2

## Chapter 1 by Michael miller

It nagged me until I could bear it no longer and I cut myself ensuring my release from its constant torment.

I woke up to an empty house without my senses. I could not see taste hear feel or smell yet I knew what it looked like. I knew what it smelled, sounded, tasted, and felt like.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

❗ You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)

